

Litany of Loreto

"HOLY MARY"

By Catherine

Holy Mary
Mother of God
Pray for me,
Sinner
Chastened by rods
Of life and pain—
Pray for me
Holy Mary
Mother of God,
Mother of men.

Holy Mary
Mother of God
Pray for me
On the lonely road.
Fear walks with me.
Darkness
Seems to be
My only company.
I am your child,
Lost
In the strange byway.
And highways
That encompass,
And confuse
The narrow way
Your Son
Bade me to tread
If I want to reach
His heart
And His marriage bed.

Holy Mary
Mother of God
Pray for me.
Long is the way,
Narrow and steep
Your child
Is so tired,
And sleep
Is so restless,
So quiet,
And so deep.
Yet if I stop
Upon this road
That leads to the Father,
Our God,
I know
I will lose
The strength to arise
And follow
The steep hills
That lead to the heights...

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By
Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Image and Likeness
of us all:— This scribbler of Yours
was all set to write You his thanks
for sending Your African bishop
to Madonna House. The whole
letter was to be about him. But,
in my usual fumbling, humpty-
dumpty, happy-go-daffy way, I
have decided to serve You the
bishop only for dessert.

(Continued on Page Four)

HERE'S WHAT WE DO IN MARIAN CENTRE

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alberta — Many people have asked me to describe our daily routine.

First item on the schedule is Mass, which is said in our chapel every morning at seven o'clock. After our spiritual food for the day has been received we have our breakfast. When breakfast is over we go back to the chapel to recite Prime, the official morning prayer of the church and have a short period of community spiritual reading.

At a quarter to nine we are all off to our various jobs. Some washing up the breakfast dishes, others cleaning Marian Centre and St. Joseph's. Someone else is setting up the tables for the men's breakfast. Eadie is preparing the stew for their dinner. Terry is putting away the Vestments and altar linens and lining up the pick-ups for the boys.

Lunch Is Ready

By ten-thirty all is in readiness for our Brothers in Christ, and Our Lady's blue door is opened to them. Then the process of washing dishes, sterilizing them, and serving anywhere from sixty to one hundred men goes into force and must be completed in an hour's time. By eleven-thirty the dining room is clear and the tables must all be cleared, floors swept, etc., before twelve.

During this half hour also, the tables must be set up for our own dinner, and for the volunteers who usually arrive somewhere around ten o'clock and have been working on vegetables for the next day's stew. At twelve, we have our noonday meal which is over no later than twelve forty-five.

During the next three-quarters of an hour things really hum, for our dishes must be washed and the tables once again set up for the men. Also, over at St. Joseph's, preparations are being made to open our clothing room. At one thirty the front door of Marian Centre is opened for dinner and the back door of St. Joe's opens for clothing.

Always Something

For the next two hours either Paul or Marvin, our Visiting Volunteers, are serving or replenishing empty tea pots, refilling empty tea pots, and generally serving Christ in whatever way is needed. The two sinks in the kitchen are doing a great business with dirty dishes. The two stoves are going full-blast, and the hot water urn is constantly being emptied and filled up again. The back porch is also a beehive of activity, with volunteers peeling vegetables and making up sandwiches.

Over at St. Joe's, Elsie is busy, for the first hour, helping women to find something that will fit little Johnny or Mary who haven't got anything warm to wear to school. Or she is helping a mother find a decent winter coat for herself so she may have a little more comfort during the winter months. The first hour is devoted entirely to the women, and the second to seeing that the men are warmly clad.

At three-thirty, our Brothers Christopher have left both places, and the big clean-up starts. The floors must be washed, the tables cleared and wiped, the stew pots and sterilizers washed. The floors must also be washed in St. Joe's. (You can't ask a person to take off his rubbers if he has none on.) And what is left of the clothing must be rearranged on the shelves. By four o'clock both places have taken on a look of normality again. Magically, tea has been produced. And volunteers and staff sit down for a breather, and the simple but very great pleasure of a cup of tea with cookies.

Time For God Too

After tea the volunteers usually depart. The staff, in relays, spend half an hour in the chapel for spiritual reading and meditation. When not in the chapel, there are the odds and ends to the cleaning up that must be finished. The boys are usually out collecting unsaleable vegetables and bread, or are about their jobs of maintenance and repair, of which there are many. Supper must be prepared, and at six o'clock we are quite ready for it.

Supper done, there are the dishes, and the setting up of the Altar for the next morning's Mass. Then once again we meet as a group before the altar of God, this time for Compline and the rosary.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights our evening Volunteers arrive around seven-thirty. They do office work or ironing. They wax our floors or do any one of the many jobs that still remain to be done, such as unpacking clothing, and sorting shoes. At nine-thirty we break off work for the day, for tea. At fifteen the tea dishes are done. We all sing "Our Lady of Combermere." And the volunteers depart.

On Friday nights the routine is slightly different, as we have a group who are taking a course in apologetics here. Other nights may be filled with meetings of C.C.D., or C.Y.O. groups, or other miscellaneous groups who want to find out about our work.

From ten-fifteen to eleven we have time to read, visit the chapel, prepare for bed, write letters, or what have you? Eleven o'clock... lights out.

Briefly, that about covers it. Ours are full and joyous days. God bless you. Pray for us.

AS MARIAN CENTRE LOOKS TO A COLLEEN

"There is a darling little girl in Grade VIII at Mount Carmel School who has been coming to Marian Centre every Saturday since I talked to the sodality group there," writes Terry Richard from Edmonton. "Her name is Anne Hogan. I asked her to write her impressions of Marian Centre, since she said she loved to write. Her family arrived here from Ireland four years ago." These are her impressions:

By Anne Hogan

The people of Marian Centre are, in my opinion, wonderful. I am sure that they have troubles to make a hundred people shudder, yet they do not grumble or complain, and I would not blame them if they were always to do just that. They are always singing and laughing. I am no longer surprised to suddenly hear Eadie break into songs or hymns as she tracks down the many mistakes of youthful volunteers like myself, or when she is washing dishes or cooking. M.C. usually sounds like a musical radio-programme in full swing.

To work at the Centre, you must be a jack-of-all-trades. In four afternoons of "helping" there, I have made many, many, loaves of sandwiches, sorted fruit and clothes, sometimes washed dishes, sorted dead-letters, peeled potatoes and typed.

Marian Centre people have such faith in God and Our Lady that it is contagious. I intend to go there as often as possible, as their work is one of the great things being done that do not go down in history books, and I think that everyone should do all in their power to aid their work.

IS THIS YOUR CALL?

INTERESTED IN SECULAR INSTITUTES? In a life in the world totally consecrated to God? If you are a man or woman between the ages of 20-35, write to Madonna House, S.I., Combermere, Ont., Canada, for further information!



Sometimes it is pleasant to wait outside Marian Centre, Edmonton, with friends, until you get a chance to go inside for something to eat — and perhaps for something to wear too. Sometimes it isn't pleasant at all. It gets cold in Edmonton. It gets awfully cold. But there is still room inside for only just so many. If we could enlarge the place we could bring every hungry man inside. And every hungry man is Christ.
(Photo by Ponich Studios, Edmonton.)

What Do We Do At M.C.? We Work And We Work

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alta. —The number of men coming for food has increased slightly, but we have had a great influx of volunteers. We just couldn't manage without the help of our volunteers, but this week we were kept really on our toes.

We now have a "Maintenance Man" and a "Stew Boy." Marvin and Paul alternate weekly as man or boy. The first has a long list of jobs. Immediately after Prime he fills our big water urn, from which we fill the teapots for the men's breakfast. Then he checks with Eadie about what vegetables she will need from the basement for the day. These he carries to the back porch where volunteers will be working in the afternoon. His next job is to set the tables.

And In His Spare Time?

He puts two heaping plates of sandwiches on each, a bowl of sugar, and a hot pad for the tea pot. If we have plenty of fruit and cake, he distributes that too. He empties the garbage pails here and at St. Joe's. Maybe he also cleans the floor at St. Joe's. At 11.30 he reports to Eadie. Usually he will life the benches for her and rearrange the tables for our own dinner. He removes the sterilizers from the stove so Eadie will have enough free burners for cooking our dinner.

If Elsie has had over 75 men for breakfast, she may need help getting the floor swept before noon. In the afternoon the Maintenance Man is in charge of male volunteers. Lately we have been having as volunteers the students of St. Joseph's High School. Father McGinnity, O.M.I., sends them. Also a group from the Newman Club has been coming regularly; and a few boys come with the various groups in the evening too... (C.C.D., C.Y.O., and Alphonda Club).

Important Half Hour

The afternoons are usually spent making pickups of clothes, bread, vegetables, and bones for the stew. If said pickups will interfere with his half hour in the chapel at 5.15, he makes it earlier in the afternoon.

Now the Stew Boy—don't ask me why one is a man and the other only a boy—is usually away all morning, making pickups. Most of these are for Elsie's clothing room. He tries to get back by 11.30 to make his half hour in the chapel by noon. About 3 o'clock he starts cleaning the free tables and sweeping and washing the floor. The garbage pails are usually full by this time too. After tea he consults the work list of odd jobs waiting to be done. Bye now. Love to all in Mary. Yours, Terry Richard.

Help Robber Victims, Hungry And Beaten, And You Help Christ!

By Catherine Doherty

(For the Poor in Edmonton, Alta.)

A man who was on his way down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell in with robbers, who stripped him and beat him and went off leaving him half-dead. —Matt. 10-30.

Many there are today, who, on their way to Edmonton — say — have "fallen in" with robbers, and were stripped, beaten, and left half-dead! And there they are — on OUR doorsteps! What are we doing about this? Are we those who just pass by without a second glance, and continue on our own way?

There are robbers today, even in highly civilized countries. But there are other "robbers" that men so often "fall in with," by whom they are assaulted and left half-dead!

Many Robbers

Mental agony and sickness, often rob men of all self-respect, and lead them into alcoholic stupors that make them fall on the pavements of many cities... even OUR city!

There are robbers called "Ill Luck," or "Broken Homes," or "Miserable Childhood," or "Physical Sickness," or "Indifference of men." Oh their name is legion, and they lie in wait for many. They are everywhere, at all times, assaulting, beating, breaking down body and soul, mind and heart, physique and morale!

And look at us — mere passers-by. Righteously we walk on, shaking our heads and thanking God that we are not like these. Telling our friends that something should be done to rid OUR city of these bums who won't even try to find a job and stick to it... and behave like human beings for a change. Demanding to know "what is the use of helping drunks, and ne'er-do-wells who refuse to work?"

Men are hungry and dying all around about us. They beg for bread to strengthen their bodies, and for the living waters of Caritas, love, friendship, understanding to refresh their souls. But no one stops to give it to them.

Samaritans, GOOD SAMARITANS, are not in fashion today. Let "those hoboes" go to the welfare agencies. Let someone else — let "George" — do something about them. "Don't bother ME!"

Litany of Loreto

"HOLY MOTHER OF GOD"

By Catherine

Mother of God—
What awesome words!
How could it be
That femininity
Enfolds Divinity?
And yet
It did!

Mother of God—
Yet Daughter of men.
Miracle of love and grace
And mercy of the Lord.
Mind folds its wings,
Faith opens its arms,
All understanding
Ceases to be—
And the soul
Is plunged
Into the heart
Of the Mystery
THAT IS...

Mother of God—
Flesh hiding Light,
Timeless, eternal—
Entering time.
Lying
A seed
In your holy womb,
Clothing itself
With your flesh,
God incarnated
Through your
Fiat!

Mother of God—
Through His birth
And death
You became
Mother of men.
Pray for them
Then
That they in truth
May all become
Brothers of your
Own divine Son.

Judgment To Come

Spring has come. In the Churches, the Easter "Alleluia" still are being sung. For those who have eyes to see there is a resplendent light shining over the land that still calls itself CHRISTIAN. IT IS THE LIGHT OF THE LORD'S RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD... EASTER LIGHT. CHRIST IS RISEN... VERILY HE IS RISEN. He is the Lord of life and of death. He is also our Judge. He gave us an idea of the yardstick He will use in the judgment to come. Clearly, unmistakably. He stated that ON LOVE, AND LOVE ALONE, shall we be judged, ON LOVE OF GOD! ON LOVE OF NEIGHBOR!

"I WAS HUNGRY... THIRSTY... SICK... IN PRISON"
"You gave Me to eat... to drink... you visited Me... you ministered to Me!"

OR "YOU DID NOT DEPART FROM ME YE CURSED!"
So He taught. So He stated. Majestically. Simply. Clearly. As only He could. Where does this leave all those "who pass by" misery and want? Pay attention to the pronoun Christ uses. "I" was hungry," He says. God, the Lord of Hosts! He was hungry. Not somebody else!

WHATSOEVER YOU DID TO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE — YOU DID TO ME!

We Condemn Christ

So... it is Christ we pass by! It is Christ we want thrown out of OUR city. It is Christ that "George" not I, should do something for!

Why is it that the eyes of our souls are so blind? Why is it that we see and hear, yet see not and hear not? Perhaps it is because charity has grown so cold — not only almsgiving but CHARITY WHOSE OTHER NAME IS LOVE! Perhaps it is because we live in a frightening unpeaceful world. Perhaps, if we want to have our eyes attended to and our ears unplugged, we each one of us, may begin to set the world aright. Why not try?

There is MARIAN CENTRE, at 10825 98th Str., in Edmonton. People there have wonderful ways with eyes and ears of souls. Specialists, too, come there to help. Priests. They do marvelous operations on blind and deaf souls. It is worth a visit.

SO MUCH MAY DEPEND ON IT... NOW AND HEREAFTER.

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

MOTHER OF THE DISPOSSESSED—come and teach us anew the luminous words of your Son.

We know them by rote. But they seem to have lost much of their meaning for us, the children of this idolatrous age of gadgets . . . TV's and comforts. We are full of "self." We are too concerned with feeding, pampering and amusing our bodies and minds.

Take each of His words, gently, Mother, and slowly open to us its depths, its beauty, and the fullness of its meaning. Then, filled with its light, we may change our ways, forget self, and open our hearts and homes to the dispossessed of this world, so that we may not become the dispossessed of the next.

MOTHER OF THE HUNGRY—come and teach us anew the meaning of the brotherhood of men under the Fatherhood of God. You who are mother of both —GOD AND MAN—the bridge between us, take us by the hand and show us once again the Heart of your Son, who died for the love of us; and who, not content with that, made Himself our food.

Come and sit at our overlaid tables and tell us about all the hungry people in our cities, in our country, in all the other countries of the world. Walk with us through our food-filled warehouses, and beg your Son to let us see the contrast with His eyes . . . lest we re-enact the scene of Lazarus and the rich man . . . this time playing the part of the unmerciful and damned.

MOTHER OF THE FORGOTTEN AND LONELY—come and teach us to understand your Son's parable of the Vine and its branches. Show us how that makes us one in Him. Bring St. Paul with you, to tell us, again and again, in his ringing voice, about CHRIST BEING THE HEAD AND WE THE MEMBERS OF HIS MYSTICAL BODY.

Explain to us then, how no one should be "forgotten or lonely," since we are all one in Him who lovingly never forgets. If one of the cells forgets . . . it dies . . . for the bond of unity—CHARITY—is broken . . . and if it is not restored in life . . . it will remain broken in death. CHARITY's other name is LOVE. And love is GOD. Now and forever.

MOTHER OF THE SICK—come and teach us anew the meaning of your Son's words—I WAS SICK AND YOU VISITED ME.

Tell us again that there are three ways of seeing, touching, and serving your Son today. In the Blessed Sacrament, in deep Faith . . . in His priests, in deep respectful love . . . and in our neighbor . . . especially in our sick, forgotten, lonely, hungry, thirsty, dispossessed neighbor.

OH MOTHER HEALTH OF THE SICK—come, come, beloved and teach us . . . before it is too late . . . before we die of the inner sickness that seems to all us all these strange days.

Come now in your own month. Let all humanity renew its beauty and its love this month, as the entire earth does every May.

Do not let us die of the sickness of catering to self. The sickness of being "busy" about anything and everything but the one thing that matters.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD is what matters. The Kingdom of your Son.

Queen of heaven and earth, Queen of the universe . . . behold us sunk in the sea of self—interested in only those things that matter least . . . not interested really deeply in those that matter most!

Life is so short. Eternity so long. Fools that we are, we seem to have forgotten this! Show it to us anew . . . as only you can. Wake us up . . . before it is too late . . . so that we may live in the Light of Christ's Face instead of in the darkness of our own.

Your Son raised the dead to life. Please intercede for us before Him, and beg Him to resurrect Charity in our hearts. Pray that we may show once more to a pagan world . . . HOW THESE CHRISTIANS LOVE ONE ANOTHER . . . and, by doing so, also SHOW THE FACE OF YOUR SON TO UNBELIEVING AND WOUNDED HEARTS AND SOULS.

MOTHER OF GOD, HAVE PITY ON US! COME. COME NOW. WE NEED YOU SO!

Eddies of 1957

By
Eddie Doherty

Our Lady is on the march, "terrible as an army in battle arrayed." And, now that the world is refreshed again with May, her own month, the month of her crowning, we may look for new victories—or for new battle fronts where we shall be sorely needed.

In this issue of Restoration there is a story about a crusade begun by the monks of the Benedictine Abbey at Lisle, Ill., for Unity between the Eastern Church and the Western. They want to offer Our Lady a crown of a million Rosaries, said for Unity, and uncrowned millions of prayers and penances and acts of reparations.

Crowning Our Queen

People in other lands are also fashioning crowns for her, made of the same precious materials. They are fashioning crowns, and they are embroidering banners, and furnishing ammunition, and giving themselves in legions as soldiers, sailors, paratroopers, pilots, and marines.

It took a visiting priest to show me Our Lady on the war path. But I saw her. I saw her plainly. I volunteered my services to her, and I volunteer again, here and now, publicly, in solid type. I ask her to use me, in her army, wherever she can find any use for me.

It was Father Joseph Ledit, a Jesuit missionary to the Russian people in Montreal, who showed me this vision of Our Lady. He gave me not one glimpse of her, but two.

Our Lady of Chenstahova! Our Lady of Guadalupe! Our Lady of Victory! Our Lady, Queen of the Universe!

"Poland!" Father Ledit makes music of the word. "Poland! Last year, 1956, Poland celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of Our Lady's victory at Chenstahova, the great shrine of Poland."

A Great Shrine

There are as many ways of spelling the name of that Polish shrine as there are Polish names. Let me spell it my way. You can spell it your way if you wish, when you are alone.

There is a wonderful story about the battle at Chenstahova in "The Deluge," written by Sienkiewicz. The book is fiction—superb fiction—but the truth is in it.

In 1556 Poland was flooded by the Swedes. The soldiers had come in without any resistance. They had taken over the country. They were completely in control of the entire nation—except the priory of Chenstahova! This priory had a few determined monks, and a score or so of civilians who lived near the monastic walls. The picture of Our Lady was venerated there, and people used to come from all over the country, walking and fasting, on long pilgrimages, to do honor to it.

Our Lady's People!

The priory, "a little hen coop on a hill," defied the Swedes. The monks had cannons, and a few brave hearts to work them. They had Our Lady too. So they laughed at the famous generals, and the hundreds of thousands of men who tried to conquer them. The monks made such a fight of it that all Poland took fire. Even the most sluggish took up arms—clubs, pitchforks, guns, anything they could find and joined in the war against the invader. After that the Swedes never had a chance!

"Little groups of Catholic lay apostles in Poland," Father Ledit said, "petitioned the pope to proclaim the year 1956 a Holy Year in Poland, in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of Our Lady's victory at Chenstahova. His Holiness was only too glad to do so. Then these lay people organized a pilgrimage.

"Mind you, the priests had nothing to do with it. The bishops had nothing to do with it. The cardinal was then under arrest, and could not possibly have helped in any way. The Communists felt they had killed the Faith in Poland by killing or jailing or exiling the clergy and hierarchy, but they had not been able to affect the laity, the people. The Faith was alive and virile!

Our Lady's Power!

"The Communists did everything they could to stop the pilgrimage. But they were powerless. At least a million and a half devout Catholic men, women, and children, made the pilgrimage, saying their Rosaries aloud, doing penance, offering up their many, many trials and provocations.

"And what happened? You heard about the revolt at Poznan? The astounding things that happened after that? The emergence of Poland from the darkness into

light? Today the Catholic religion is blooming in Poland! Catholic papers are circulating again! Hundreds of thousands, maybe millions, of children, are learning their Catechism! The cardinal has been freed!

"And what has happened to Russia? It has lost something of its power. The revelations about Stalin have shaken the faith of many who were ardent Communists, and who believed in him as Christians believe in the Bible. Prove the Bible a pack of lies, and how many real Christians would you have?

Our Lady's Victory

"The truth about Stalin wounded Communist Russia terribly. And the frightfulness of Russia's treatment of Hungary wounded it even more. Who could have thought that little Hungary, without leaders, without weapons, without organization of any kind, could have held out so long against the mighty Russia?

"I am convinced Our Lady, and the devotion of the people to her, won the freedom Poland enjoys today.

"I am also convinced she won the freedom now enjoyed by Mexican Catholics! You remember how dreadful it was to be a Catholic in Mexico? You remember how strict the government was about priests and nuns, about the Mass, about holy pictures in homes and schools, about everything Catholic?

"I went around Mexico openly, not long ago, wearing cassock and surplice. I even blessed some of the motor buses, dressed as a priest! And many times I said Mass in a factory!

Our Lady of Mexico!

"The Communists seemed to own Mexico until 1943. In that year the head Communist, one Toledano, learned the sad truth. He began to encounter a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe everywhere he went. 'Take that down,' he would say. A man or a woman would demur. Toledano would give stern orders. Then he would be told, politely, that he was boss only in labor matters. He had no say whatever in matters of religion. Pictures of Our Lady of Guadalupe were not concerned with labor unions. He could not order them down—nor up.

"Then, to his horror, he learned that groups of lay apostles—again it was not the priests nor the bishops—had organized a tremendous pilgrimage to Our Lady of Guadalupe! He did everything in his power to stop it. He got the president of Mexico worried.

"The president called on the Archbishop of Mexico, demanding he stop the pilgrimage. There would be trouble, he claimed, and many people might be killed if the people insisted on performing 'this crazy pilgrimage.' He refused to authorize any such pilgrimage, any such procession through the streets or roads of Mexican states and cities. I am told the archbishop was worried too. He was afraid his children would be badly treated.

Trust Our Lady!

"The people told the archbishop not to worry. And they let him know, in a respectful way, that it was too late to stop those going to the shrine. They were walking from far off spots in Mexico. They were coming on long freight trains. The men were riding on the tops of box cars, holding onto one another so that nobody would fall off. The women and children were in the box cars below them. These people could not be stopped by radio, for they would not be listening; nor by newspaper articles, for they would not be reading.

"Tell the president not to worry," they advised His Excellency. 'If he wants to prevent trouble, let him send police or soldiers to protect the pilgrims and keep order.'

"More than one hundred and fifty thousand children of Mary visited the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, in spite of Toledano and all his friends, saying their Rosaries aloud, chanting their litanies, offering their hardships, their hunger, their thirst, their bleeding feet, their terrible poverty, their numerous acts of penance, and their sublime love—for the spiritual freedom of their country.

"And now even a despised Jesuit can go openly through the streets of Mexico city, dressed in cassock and surplice, and achieve no undue notice!

Will You March Too?

I had heard of the new freedom enjoyed by the Church in the beautiful country south of the U.S. border; and I had read of the rebirth of Catholicism in Poland. But it had never occurred to me, until Fr. Ledit spoke, that Our Lady had begun to march!

That is why the little story about the crusade for Unity in the Church appeals so much to me.

Don't you suppose Our Lady is marching now with those

Crusaders?

And don't you believe that, someday, and perhaps sooner than Satan thinks, she will bring about a reunion of East and West?

What was it she said, at Fatima, about Russia's being converted? You know as well as I do. I ask the question just to make myself a greater nuisance than I usually am. All right. I'll answer it myself. She said Russia would be converted—by our prayers and our penances. Yours and mine.

Our Lady is on the march. Is she going to march without you?

OUR LADY'S CROWN

Invitations are being sent out all over the United States and Canada in preparation for a "Crusade of prayer and reparation" and those especially invited are all men, women, and children who love Mary.

"The Crusaders of Our Lady of Unity," who are issuing the invitations hope to present "a diadem" to their Queen—and ours—on May 31st, the feast of her queenship. This diadem, this crown, this symbol of royalty, should be made of at least a million silent Rosaries, and uncrowned hidden acts of reparation—all offered for the reunion of the East and West.

"At the bottom of Unity," explains Fr. Emilian Shonka, O.S.B., in charge of the crusade, "is Our Lady's request at Fatima for Rosaries—that is, properly meditating on the mysteries of the Rosary. Communism is of the evil one. It is endangering souls. We must help snatch these souls away, even from the very mouth of hell. The Crusaders, bound to Our Lady by Rosary pledges, will help in the rescue work, which is Church Unity in the fullest sense."

The organization of the Crusaders is an authorized group of lay Catholics, working to fulfill Our Lord's prayer "that all may be one," and His glorious mother's pledge that, through the prayers and penances of her children, "Russia will be converted."

Fr. Shonka, a monk of St. Procopius Abbey, at Lisle, Ill., was appointed to take charge of the movement by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Ambrose L. Ondrak, O.S.B.

"Teh Benedictine monks of St. Procopius Abbey began a concerted and determined effort last year," says Mrs. Bertha M. Gregory of Joliet, Ill., "to bring about this Unity. A 'Unionistic' congress was held at the abbey last September, with the approbation of the Holy See; and many prelates of the Church, including cardinals and archbishops and distinguished laymen from many countries, attended.

"Those invited to participate in the Crusade, and they include all Catholics, are asked to join their prayers with those of their neighbors, and to send a note to the Abbey to tell the monks how many Rosaries they will be able to offer for Our Lady's May Day Crown."

12 COPIES OF
RESTORATION
ONE YEAR
ONE DOLLAR

He In Them

By Lucille Dupuis

In the warm soft silence at His feet I knelt,
His passion intense and vivid in my mind.
Footsteps disturbed me, coming up the chapel stairs.

"Please, please, Lord,
Let me be with You alone:
Let no fellow creature invade this time.

Nor share this intimacy."
Love's voice is unyielding, stern:
"That cannot be, little one,
For I am living in them as I live in you;

Turn, and look at Me in them."
The pain of reluctance!
But I see in the vigil light's glow,
In their tired, sorrowful, bent figures,

My Love!
"Heavenly Father, forgive me.

Protect them!
Help all blind and confused and crippled and unwilling souls.
Lumen Christi.

Mine but to serve You humbly,
To wipe a face,
To give a drink,
To bring Your peace.
Lumen Christi!
Lumen, Christi!

One Seeking

By Jose De Vinck

FAIN WOULD I LIE IN WAIT
FOR MY BECOMING:
YET, I MUST RISE, FOR COUNT-
LESS EONS CALL.
WEAK IS MY HEART, BUT FAST
MY BLOOD IS RUNNING:
HIM THAT I SEEK IS GOD, THE
GOD OF ALL.

DARK IS THE NIGHT, AND
FULL OF RESTLESS THUND-
ER;
LONG IS THE WAY, THROUGH
SPACES UNEXPLORED;
WEAK IS MY HEART, AND IT
IS FULL OF WONDER:
HIM THAT I SEEK IS STILL
THE UNADORED!

COLD IS THE WORLD AND
COLD THE MANY WATERS;
DRY IS THE LAND, AND DRY
THE HEARTS OF MEN;
WEAK IS MY HEART, AS WEAK
AS ALL THE OTHERS,
BUT HIM THAT I SEEK IS
LOVE, IS LOVE . . . AMEN.

Nothing Exciting?

What About Those 67?

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—Nothing exciting. We are down to 11 people. A boy with a broken leg sleeps on a couch in the library. Only place we had for him. Around him are most of the games from the cupboard, and dozens of library books. Only in Maryhouse in the Yukon would you walk into a chapel for 7 o'clock Mass and find an Indian boy sleeping on a couch, and sleeping comfortable through the Mass.

"Go-gadda Maria," is another one of the 11. Everyone spoils her.

We have had three Hungarian refugees in the past week. None speaks English. We can't carry on much of a conversation; but we make out with gestures. We learned, through Hungarians who speak English, that one of the girls took charge of a machine gun during the recent revolution.

I just phoned the building inspector at the City Hall. I said, "This is Maryhouse calling." He answered, "Good morning, Miss House."

The latest news here is that dog-team days are over for missionaries at Dawson City. Fur is so low-priced the Indians do not trap any more; and they are so poor they cannot afford to buy food for the dogs. They spend the winter in the village instead of on the trap lines . . . so the missionaries do not now make those long trips to administer the Sacraments and to say Mass. The only out-of-the-way place they visit in that part of the world is Caribou Hide, where a few native families live. They find it cheaper to charter a plane for the trip than to feed dogs the year around.

Within the next year or two they expect to have a road from Atlin to Telegraph, and one from Lower Post, B.C., to Telegraph. There are rich deposits of nickel and copper all through that area, and many mines will open.

Fr. Gene Cullinane, incidentally—and of course this is the big news—recently consecrated 67 "Slaves of Mary." God bless all of you. Mary Ruth.

Dear Mary Ruth—You will be glad to know that Fr. Emile Brierre, of Madonna House, recently consecrated 55 "Slaves of Mary," after giving a retreat to the Knights of Columbus, in Pembroke, Ont. God bless you all too.—E.J.D.

Greeting Cards

Suitable for a variety of occasions—birthday, illness, condolence, jubilee, congratulations, reception of sacraments, thank you, etc. Greetings are from Scripture or the Liturgy. Inside left blank where just a word from you adapts the card to your specific occasion.

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THE B'S CORNER

I have been thinking of spiritual motherhood — remembering how Diana, Mary Kay, Cathy, Ed, Phil, and Teresa had come to Madonna House and became, through a God-given vocation, part of our inner permanent family . . . a family devoted to the business of Our Father in Heaven.

We are part of the new religious family of the Church. We are a Secular Institute, approved by our Ordinary, and now awaiting canonical erection. Our Apostolate is in the world, restoring it to Christ, and in Him. We are lay people, yet under vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. And we are in our Institute for life.

God Bless Them

These six children of our family were called by God to this new-old vocation. They came to Madonna House, several years ago, to undergo our hard long training. Now they have been chosen (I had to do the choosing) to go forth to work in new fields, or to help foundations already established and in need of more personnel.

How close is the bond between all of us! How dear each and everyone is to me!

Slow and laborious was the job of shaping souls unto Christ. Many were the minds, hands, and souls that did the "shaping." Above all, the Lord Himself and His gracious mother, our Lady, Mary were their Novice Master, and Mistress. Priests of the Apostolate did their share. And the lay faculty, as well as the seniors in the Institute, had a part in the molding and shaping.

Now the time has come for these chosen six to go "preach the Gospel of love to all men." They will preach by their lives and their works. My heart is too full of joy, as well as of the sadness of parting, to express all it feels. Yet much of it can be understood by other mothers.

Cathy and Mary Kay

Catherine Maynard, affectionately known to all as "Cathy," is from New London, Conn. She has been appointed Director of our new foundation in Winslow, Arizona, called CASA DE NUESTRA SENORA. (House of our Lady).

Theresa Davis, originally from Welland, Ont., and Phillip Kight, from Utica, N.Y., will go with her as Staff Workers.

Three young people going off, under the protection of Our Lady of Guadalupe, to work among the Mexicans of that vast region! There indeed the harvest is ripe and the laborers are few. Pray for them!

Mary Catherine Rowland, from Texas, has been appointed Director of Blessed Martin's House in Portland, Oregon, a great growing city with many industrial, racial, and welfare problems, to tackle.

Hers will not be an original foundation like Cathy's. She will have the somewhat easier—and somewhat harder—task of "taking over," a former Friendship House. Blessed Martin's House has been in Portland several years, and has done a wonderful job on its many fronts. Last year its personnel, connected with Friendship House headquarters in Chicago, decided to join our Secular Institute. This necessitates their coming to Madonna House for specialized training for three years. After that they may be sent back to Portland — or to some other foundation — anywhere.

Mary Kay, as we call her, is just the person to take over such a big job and develop all its potentialities.

She will find in Elisabeth Teevan, one of our "original pioneers" in the United States, a great help.

Diana Zdunich, of Joliet, Ill., will be Mary K's Staff Worker. Remember them too in your prayers!

Pray For Us All

Edward Watson left in April for Mary House, Whitehorse, Yukon. That foundation is bursting at the seams, and needs more staff workers. Ed is the first reinforcement we have sent there since its foundation. Mary Ruth was a replacement—taking Kathleen O'Herin's place in the frozen north, to allow Kathleen to return to the "torrid" Combermere. It never gets below 50 below here. It sometimes gets below 60 below in the Yukon.

Yes — spiritual motherhood, like blood motherhood . . . is a mixture of pain, work, joy, and sorrow. A beautiful grace from the Lord on High.

Don't forget Ed Watson in your prayers — nor any of the rest of us!

How quietly the works of God move! Recently I had the pleasure of attending the Eastern Conference of Secular Institutes, held in Boston. It brought me much joy.

In the mid-forties, His Holiness issued his two great documents on the LIFE OF TOTAL CONSECRATION IN THE WORLD, which factually amounted to a Constitution for Secular Institutes. Few people in the United States or Canada read what the pope had written. Few understood what he meant.

It was novel to learn about a new type of religious life, for LAY people. They took the three vows of the Counsels of Perfection — Poverty, Chastity and Obedience — yet remained lay, though enjoying the same state of juridical perfection (canonically speaking) as Monks and Nuns do.

We Certainly Did

Yes . . . it was all very confusing. Little did I think then, that in a few years I, and our group in Friendship House, Canadian Province (as it was known then), would apply for this status, and become a Secular Institute. But we did.

Now, in the early part of 1957, there was I, attending a Conference of Secular Institutes in Boston seeing other groups like ours, realizing we were parts of an ever-growing whole, and that the "whole" was expanding rapidly, quietly, unobtrusively, as beehives the works of the Lord!

Many do not yet know what a Secular Institute is, nor what manner of life it offers. If you are between the ages of 20 and 35, unmarried, and would like to find out about our Madonna House Institute, and its way of life under Papal Constitutional Directives, drop me a line. (Catherine Doherty, Madonna House, Combermere, Ont., Canada.) If interested in other U.S. or Canadian Secular Institutes, write to Fr. Healy, Co-ordinator for Secular Institutes, Notre Dame U., Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.

BUILDING A SHRINE OUT OF NOTHING

By Gaspar Marrone

I've always loved adventure, and there is no greater adventure than that of serving God. For to serve Him, means to depend on Him for all things. Small and big things. For example, when we began to work on the shrine to St. Francis we had no idea where the materials would come from, nor how we would build it.

It all began at St. Martha's House last August. Close to the house is a slope, which follows the driveway to the main road. It was filled with weeds, wild raspberry shoots, semi-dead tree trunks, and rocks! Rocks of all sizes! Some were movable. But many were there to stay. Mary Davis, the gardener of Madonna House, thought it would be nice if the area could be cleared and a shrine built in honor of some Saint.

Work Begins

We asked B about the idea. She answered with her usual enthusiasm, and suggested it be a shrine to St. Francis. Then began a whirlwind of activity! Young men and women who were attending the Summer School of Catholic Action at Madonna House, generously gave their time, in between lectures, to assist us.

Bob Pelton and Sean Sullivan chopped and hacked away at the jungle. Many girls carted the debris to the incinerator, in boxes, by the arm load, and in wheel barrows. The area was cleared, and the rocks exposed. One huge rock was standing upright facing the road. On this rock we decided to build the shrine.

The boys from the farm brought down many pieces of field stone, which we used to form a base. With a donated bag of cement, and sand from the beach, we were "all set" to start mixing the mortar.

Using a small sieve, we filtered the sand. The first batch that Sean and I mixed was done by hand using a hand trowel. It was a hard thing to do, because our wrists tired easily, and the "mix" did not come out well.

Thought Begins

Finally Sean thought that there must be an easier way to do it. He left us for awhile. He returned with a box 18 x 18 inches square, and 4 inches high, with a spike through the center of it. On this spike was fitted a piece of wood, 6 inches long. A flat piece of wood was nailed to the 2 x 2, and 5 long bolts were spaced at intervals around it. On the top was a long bolt that acted as a handle.

Well, it was an ingenious rig for mixing cement, and it won the admiration of many of the people around here. Gradually we cemented all the field-stone into place. Thus we had a base that was really neat! We poured cement slabs, which we placed on top of this base. Then we built

a small brick wall three feet high, which acted as a shield for the statue.

We did not know where the statue would come from. That didn't bother us. We knew it would come.

Our Holy Mother tapped John Hogan, of Boston, on the shoulder and told him about our needs. The result? A beautiful statue of St. Francis!

Holy Mother, thank you for letting me work on the shrine!

P.S.—We took a picture to go with this story; but it did not turn out too well. The statue of St. Francis is a dark brown, and the brick wall back of it is a dark red. The combination defies the camera.



Our Lady of Combermere

Ecce Venio

By Carmel Bride

There was one moment of obedience

When shoreless oceans of a will

divine

Heaved in one white-capped

crest of time

And poising, waited mute,

To be accepted by the fiat of a

maid.

The drop which was our whole

humanity

Has Mary, free

To say amen to God,

Or not to say

That He might lay

Within the compass of her womb

Divinity;

Within the compass of her will

Man's liberty.

There was one moment followed

after this

In which the soul of Christ

Created newly by Creator-Love,

In love did move, and moving did

undo

The fallen Adam's disobedience.

Faith hears this first of prayers

the Man-God said,

When God to man and man to

God was wed

In her, who was the first to take

As much of God as God had willed

to give.

Hers was the yes of spousal love

humanity intoned

To which the Bridegroom said

I come, I come,

Word of the Word, first word of

the Eternal Word,

New gospel of a newer covenant

Which now crashed down

Swift, thundering upon satanic

hell

With all the crushing dynamism

of prophetic heel.

Behold I come . . .

I come to do Thy Will, O God.

Here was the battle set in Genesis.

Nor long expectant hours of dear

Nazareth,

Nor lullabies star-lit

Would be a least forgetting of this

word.

Redemption lay within the chapter

where was writ

Behold I come . . .

That I may do Thy Will, O God,

my God

I have desired it.

Lord Spouse, in that one moment

(endless still)

Reach out to touch the fiat of my

soul

In her whereby unendingly You

come

To wed Yourself to me,

A new humanity.

That all Thy Will be done

Come, Jesus! Come,

And by her acceptance, will in

me

That Will which is Thyself,

Incarnate Love.

Blood And Building Feature "St. Goupil's"

While we here at Madonna House are waiting for enough funds to continue the building of St. Goupil's dormitory — so much needed by the men in the Apostolate — it might not be a bad idea to tell you something about the saint whose name we seek to honor.

St. Rene Goupil and St. John LaLande were both among the North American Jesuits martyred by the Indians three hundred and some years ago. Both were laymen extraordinary — as we hope the men of Madonna House will be, if they are not already so. Both were martyrs. Both were saints. Both had been in this particular part of the world.

Why Goupil?

Perhaps it was because it was easier to say Goupil than LaLande that the choice was made. The boys said Goupil at first, then, in true modern American fashion, they made it, affectionately, "Goopy." Perhaps it was because Rene took the vows before he died.

In a radio address last November, Pope Pius XII, paid tribute to these two great men.

"May the American youth, always so ready and eager to throw themselves wholeheartedly into every worthy and noble venture — and for whom obstacles are but a challenge to their courage — seize the torch of faith lighted by these saints in the wilderness, and carry it full-flaming to the ends of the earth, until all men may see and know Jesus Christ . . ."

Neither of the two was a religious in the strict sense of the word. They merely attached themselves to the Jesuit priests — more or less as our Staff Workers in the Yukon have attached themselves to the missionary priests, and the bishop, in that far off arctic region. They too, work with the Indians. St. Rene consecrated himself, as our men expect to do when our Secular Institute, Domus Domini, has received full canonical approval from Rome. St. Isaac Jogues tells something of "our Goopy" in these words:

Listen To St. Isaac

"On the second day of our journey, some of our men discovered on the shore fresh tracks of people who had passed there — without knowing whether or not they were enemies. Eustace Ahatsistari (a Huron leader) famous and experienced in war, believes them enemies. 'But however strong they may be deemed,' he says, 'they are not more than three canoes; and therefore we have nothing to fear.' We then continue the journey. But a mile beyond, we meet them to the number seventy, in twelve canoes, concealed in grass and woods. They suddenly surround us, and fire their arquebuses, but without wounding us.

"The Hurons, terrified, abandon the canoes, and many flee to the deepest part of the woods. We were left alone, we four Frenchmen, with a few other Christians and catechumens to the number of twelve or fourteen. Having commended ourselves to God, they stand on the defensive; but, being quickly overwhelmed by numbers, and a Frenchman named Rene Goupil, who was fighting among the first, being captured with some Hurons, they ceased from the defense.

"I, who was barefoot, would not and could not flee — not willing, moreover to forsake a Frenchman and the Hurons who were partly captured, without baptism, partly being the prey of the enemies who were seeking them in the woods. I therefore stayed alone at the place where the skirmish had occurred, and surrendered myself to the man who was guarding the prisoners that I might be made their companion in their perils, as I had been on the journey.

Saint In Action

"He was amazed at what I did, and approached, not without fear to place me with them. I forthwith rejoiced with the Frenchman over the grace which the Lord was showing us. I roused him to constancy, and heard him in confession. After the Hurons had been instructed in the Faith, I baptized them; and as the number increased, my occupation of instructing and baptizing them also increased. There was finally led in among the captives the valiant Eustace Ahatsistari, a Christian Huron, who seeing me, said 'I praise God that He has granted me what I so much desired, to live and die with thee.'

"It is no consolation in such cases to have companions of one's misfortunes. But who can prevent the sentiment of charity? Such is

the feeling toward us of those LAYMEN who, without any worldly interest serve God and aid us in our ministrations among the Hurons!

"The executioners, although admiring me at the beginning, soon afterward grew fierce, and assailing me with their fists and with knotty sticks, left me half dead on the ground, and a little later, having carried me back to where I was, they also tore off my nails, and bit with their teeth my two forefingers, causing me incredible pain. They did the same to Rene Goupil — leaving unharmed the Hurons who were made slaves."

Get Ready To Die

When the captives approached the Mohawk village where Auriesville now is, they were forced to run the gauntlet. Some were killed. Saint Isaac writes: "But in the case of Rene and myself, because we were not strong, the final decision was not taken, but they left us together, as it were, in a free slavery. Therein, as being half idle, we began to feel more keenly the pains of unhealed wounds, irritated by a thousand annoying little creatures from which our mutilated fingers did not permit us to defend ourselves . . ."

"Rene and I . . . withdrew without toward a hill, in order to perform our devotions with more liberty; we offered our lives to God and began the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. We were at the fourth decade when we met two young men, who commanded us to return to the village. 'This encounter,' I said to Rene, 'is not auspicious. Let us commend ourselves to God and to the Blessed Virgin.'

"In fact, at the gate of the village one of these two draws a hatchet, which he has kept concealed, and strikes Rene's head with it. He fell, half dead, but remembered, according to the agreement made between us, to invoke the most Holy Name of Jesus, in order to obtain indulgence.

Two Men To Imitate

"I, expecting a like blow, uncover myself, and cast myself on my knees; but the barbarian, having left me a little time thus, commanded me to rise, saying he had not permission to kill me as I was under the protection of another family. I then arise and give the last absolution to my dear companion, who still breathed, but whose life the barbarian finally took away with two more blows. He was not more than thirty-five years of age; he was a man of unusual simplicity and innocence of life, of invincible patience, and very conformable to the Divine Will."

Saint Rene Goupil was martyred for the Faith on September 29, 1642.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if St. Goupil's could be completed on or before that date this year?

St. John LaLande, in 1646, was travelling to the Iroquois villages with the same spirit Father Jogues. A peace had been concluded, and the two stalwarts, with some Hurons, ventured back. They were waylaid by members of the Bear Clan. Other clans tried to protect the prisoners, but the Bear family would not listen. Some of them invited Jogues to a meal, on October 18, and tomahawked him as he entered the cabin. The next day John LaLande met the same fate. Their heads adorned the palisade poles facing the route over which they had come. Their bodies were tossed into the Mohawk River.



That is Eadie Scott in the kitchen of Marion Centre, Edmonton. She doesn't have much of a stove to work with. Eight burners. There are, sometimes, more than two hundred men waiting to be fed. It takes a long time to prepare enough food for them. Even for Eadie it takes a long time. Of course, a better stove—or two or three stoves—would speed up the work. Who's going to donate them, or the money for them?

(Photo by Ponich Studios, Edmonton.)

Thomas More Medal To P.J. Kenedy & Sons

The Thomas More Association Medal for 1957, awarded annually for the most distinguished contribution to Catholic publishing in the previous year, was awarded to P. J. Kenedy & Sons, for the four-volume "Butler's Lives of the Saints." Dan Herr, president of the Thomas More Association, and one of the cleverest of Catholic columnists—you should read him in "Books on Trial!" — made the announcement. The new "Lives," though selling at \$39.50 in the U.S.A., was one of the publishing sensations of last year, and one of the best sellers of this.

Catholic Information Keeps On Telling 'em

Catholic Information Centre, Edmonton, Alta. — "Are you interested in learning more about your Faith? Do you know anyone who would benefit by a course of instructions on the Catholic Church in lectures or by correspondence? . . . This and similar ads are appearing in the Catholic and secular papers in Edmonton.

The lectures have been going on for many weeks now. Father Daly, former principal of St. Joseph's High School, is giving them. We are also using the correspondence course put out by the Catholic Information Society of New York. It is divided in seven parts, and with each part goes a questionnaire to be answered and returned to us for correction, before the next part is sent to the student. Mrs. Reilly, a former school teacher, has volunteered to do the correcting.

We have been having wonderful crowds for Mass. Someone had the bright idea of having a "window" broken through the partition between the Information Centre and the chapel. Now, before the 12.10 Mass we set out 20 chairs and draw open the curtain on this "window," so that the people in the Centre can see and hear the Mass. One hundred and ten people can be seated in this way. Since the new regulations for fasting before Communion have gone into effect, the number receiving Communion has greatly increased. The Holy Father must have known about Mass at our Information Centre.

I'd like to tell you about Russell, who works for the fire department. He gives us his free time, handling our "pocket book" department, a tremendous job. His fiancée, Trudi, who works at the public library, has become his secretary in this work. They are quite a team. Then there is Mrs. LaFleche, chief co-ordinator of the Marian Centre Women Volunteer Committee, who works with us as typist and bookkeeper. How fortunate we are to have such volunteers! Pray for us all. Yours, Marite Langois.

Cooking With Mary

Candies in the apostolate of Madonna House are often hard to come by. Holy Poverty forbids us to buy any. Yet once in a while our sweet tooth gets the better of us... so we make candies from things people usually throw out. Take orange, grapefruit, lemon peels. They fill everybody's garbage cans. Why? Take them and cut them up. Length-wise, square-wise, any way you wish. You can even cut them out in artistic shapes. Children love them in shapes of animals, or flowers.

But before you cut them into shapes, cut off some of the white underneath part. We don't bother too much with the thin skinned oranges. They are OK, "as is." The thick-skinned needs to have its white pulp cut off.

Cut into the shape you like, then boil in syrup. Dry, put into a tightly sealed container, and serve when wanted.

The recipe itself is simple. Make heavy sugar syrup:

1 cup of sugar
1 cup of water
Brought to a boil,
Allowed to simmer
for 10 minutes.

Two cups of ready peel to the above combination of water and syrup will be just right. If you have more orange peel than two cups... count proportionately—4 cups of peel will need 2 cups of water and 2 cups of sugar. Boil peel until transparent, in syrup. Take out with spatula, drain on sieve. Allow to dry 24 hours or until crunchy. Store. Yum Yum! Good! And so cheap!

Speaking of cheapness, I mean inexpensiveness... take your beloved hot dogs. Cut each into four pieces. Boil eggs hard. Cool. Cut in half. Add hot dogs. Pour a can of tomato soup, a little thickened with flour, over the lot. Serve on toast. Makes WONDERFUL supper or evening dish.

Did you ever make soup out of sauerkraut? Worth trying if the family likes sauerkraut. Simple too. Take needed (for your family size) amount of sauerkraut cans. Two will serve family of six with good appetites. Put in large saucepan. Add enough water (cold) to cover drained sauerkraut, twice its bulk. Add finely shredded carrots to taste. Put in a few bones, which you can get for a few cents at the butcher's. Or use left overs of your own, from a ham or a beef roast. Season well with two laurel leaves, a pinch of sage, and one of parsley. Add six onions, peeled and cut. And four large potatoes, ditto. Allow to SIMMER SLOWLY on low heat for four hours. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve. And tell me how "they liked it."

A LOVE LETTER TO

(Continued from Page One)

I have just read Catherine's plea for the poor men of Edmonton, the "bums, derelicts, drifters, panhandlers, dopes, drunks, ex-convicts, fugitives, men wanted, and men unwanted by anybody," who come to Marian Centre for a decent pair of shoes, or a warm coat, or a hat that won't let the sun burn a hole in a man's head—and who sometimes have to wait outside in sub-zero weather because there isn't room enough for everybody inside.

Bums and A Bishop

I have edited this, put sub-heads in it, written a three-line head for it, and marked it a "must" for this issue of Your Mother's paper—which is Yours too. And I am so full of it that I must write about the "bums" first. Is it strange that the bishop should be bracketed with the "bums"? I don't think so, since the letter is addressed to You who created them. The "bums" are the meat of this letter. Strong meat, Lord, served raw.

"Bum" is another name for a hungry, ragged, hopeless, helpless man. It is another name for "another Christ." So is "priest" such another name. So is "bishop."

God, I don't know what has become of "Blinky." But I ask Your favors for him, dead or alive, and for his wife.

"Blinky" was quite a glamorous fellow when I first met him. He was an ace reporter, who talked glibly of New York and Philadelphia and Boston, and other cities I had never seen. He was a dapper little man—is that too cruel a phrase, Lord?—and he carried a dapper little cane. He had a dapper way with him, and a dapper method of telling about his exploits in those far strange cities. The thing about him that appealed to me was the way he kept blinking his eyes, and the way that—every now and then—he went into a sort of rage and hit some big omadoun for saying something that should not be said in the presence of such a lad as

I was then.

Hero On Ice

He was little, but wasn't he spunky, God? He became a sort of hero to me the day he walked three miles over the ice in Lake Michigan to bring food and supplies to the people marooned in the three-mile crib. There was no telling how thick the ice might be three miles from shore. But the people in the crib were starving. "Blinky" was one of the few newspapermen courageous enough to take a sled full of groceries to them.

"Blinky" wasn't a Catholic. And he probably did not die in the Faith, if he is dead. But the thing dearest to his heart, the one thing he wouldn't sell for any money, was a tiny statue of Your St. Anthony, in one of those old-fashioned metal cases. He wasn't devoted to St. Anthony in the way that Catholics are devoted to Your saints. The statuette was a sort of lucky piece. Maybe a little more than that, for he did have some vague sort of reverence for it. He was definitely afraid to be without it. It was this thing, he told me, that had made him feel safe, travelling over those miles of rough ice, with a gale hurling stinging snow in his face. He gave the statue credit for saving his life in many other ways. I have forgotten all the details. But I shall never forget the story of his encounter with the "bum."

Down He Goes

He was hurrying to the Chicago Examiner office in Madison street one bitter day, and he was late. A "bum" accosted him at Madison and LaSalle, and asked for money—enough to buy a sandwich. In those days, Lord, one could get a whole meal for 10 cents at Pittsburgh Joe's. Whatever became of Joe? I hope he's happy, God. He made a lot of people happy with those ten cent dinners.

"Blinky" looked up at the stranger's face. It was an ugly face. He didn't know it was Yours, Lord. I don't think he ever did realize it was Yours. He didn't like it. He hated it. Anger surged up in him.

"Beat it, moocher," he said. "I got no time for the likes of you. I work for a living. Go get yourself a job."

The man was desperate. He stepped in "Blinky's" way. He stooped down, pleading.

"Please, mister. I'm hungry. I haven't eaten in three days." "Blinky" hit him. He had to jump up to do it. But he was used to jumping up to hit bigger men. He hit him hard, and knocked him down. Then, seeing the man lying on the sidewalk, a little blood trickling from his mouth, he felt sorry for his haste, for his impulse to hit, for the blow that felled the man.

The Young Grow Old

"The way he fell," he said, "I knew he hadn't lied; he could not possibly have eaten in many days. I managed, after a time, to get him on his feet, I gave him a quarter, and hurried away. When I emptied my pockets that night, in my flat, I couldn't find my St. Anthony statue! I never have found it! And I've never had any luck from that day to this!"

"Blinky" was an old man when he told me this. He lived in a rat hole of a basement with his sick wife. He had no job. He had no friends. He had no income. He mooched quarters from solvent newspapermen—lesser reporters. He begged not only for food, but for enough money to buy medicines for his dying wife.

Take care of him, God, dead or alive. He "wasn't a bad guy," as we say here, in our stumbling fashion, this side of eternity. He wasn't a bad guy at all. There are many worse.

"The 'Our Father'"

Now about the bishop, the Most Reverend Laurean Rugambwa, of Rutabo, Tanganyika. Everybody in Madonna House, Lord, felt that the place was singularly blessed when Fr. John LeVeque of the White Fathers, Ottawa, brought him here for those two April visits.

Those of us who had seen You in the Negro—when we worked with him in New York's Harlem—rejoiced because You had returned to us in the form of a consecrated bishop. "Christ in the Negro," we said, "has come to us in the fullness of His priesthood." We felt both blessed and honored. We took this tall, black, handsome man, this humble smiling Christ, to the deepest parts of our hearts. We sang all our songs for him. We had a riot of music. We had a royal feast, though there was nothing on the tables but the usual fare. We felt as though You, Yourself, God, had come to dine with us. We loved him in You; and You in him. And he seemed greatly to love us.

The first time he came, he said the Community Mass for us. The 7.30 Mass. Th recited Mass in which all of us join our voices to that of the celebrant. And for a few moments I went a

little distance away from this matter-of-fact world. It was when the bishop began the Pater Noster, the Our Father.

I Am No Mystic

Lord, You know well there is none of this "rapture stuff" in all my speckled soul. You know that I cannot say a single Ave without distractions; that, in the middle of a decade of the Rosary, for instance, when I should be thinking of the angel who came to woo the lovely Jewish maiden for You, I may be wondering how my current fiction hero can best trap and crush the Spanish army marching to destroy him, or how I shall make my heroine react to the hint of her lover's danger.

You know how I feel when I read the extravagant and ecstatic words of some of Your saints—"our dear eternity... our most sweet consolation and reward..." Oh my vaulting verities! I don't believe I could ever make "baby-talk love" to You, God; even if I became a fervent saint.



A LOVE LETTER TO

I am no mystic—though I do hear Your voice now and then, or Your Mother's, or the voices of Your saints (I tell you all this so that these reading over Your shoulder may better understand me.)

Yet, God, when that African bishop said "Pater Noster," I had such a thrill it almost shook the chapel. It was like an earthquake in me—a glad earthquake. Or should I say that bombs of joy exploded in my aging carcass? For the first time in all my life I realized the meaning of "Our Father."

Father Of All

It was Your Son, Jesus, Lord, in that delightful African high priest, who addressed You as "Our Father." His Father and mine—Ours! Father of all the people in the world. Black and white. Yellow and red and brown. And all the tints of color in between. Our Father! Father of brothers and sisters!

How could I help from shaking with delight in knowing—in realizing in this flash of light—that all men were so closely related to You?

You are in him. You are in me. You are in everybody. The Jew and the gentile. The rich man and the poor. The bishop and the "bum." The white man, the Negro, the Malay, the Filipino, the Chinese, the Indian, the Mexican, the atheist, and the believer. You are our Father!

God, You who have made—and still make—so many billions of worlds, complete with rivers and lakes and seas, and suns and moons and stars—why do You love us so much? What ARE we, the people on this poor little planet, lost in the galaxy of the countless millions of billions of greater worlds? What ARE we, that you should love us so much, so very much?

Snub Him—Snub You!

I am sure this saintly bishop of Yours, this wonderful Bishop Rugambwa, has had just as hard a time in our world as those "bums" in Edmonton are having now. People in many lands must have snubbed him, snubbed him, ignored him, neglected him, and treated him as dreadfully as some people treat You in Edmonton—and other cities where there are breadlines and hungry men who stand and wait long hours for the chance to eat.

It may be that nobody has struck him, in the same way "Blinky" struck the "bum" in Madison street. But I am sure that many of us must have struck him in other ways. And, of course, striking him they struck You.

Forgive them, God. Forgive us all. We all are sinners. And bless abundantly those who help him—and You—and those who help "the bums" in Edmonton, who also are You. Bless me too, God, even though I don't deserve it. For in my own uncouth way, I DO love you, God.

Yours always, Eddie.

Spiritual Direction

We ought not to draw a distinction between the director and the confessor, any more than we draw a distinction between the physician who cures an illness, and him who prescribes a rule for preserving health. The confessor hears the acknowledgement of our sins, and absolves us from the guilt of them; he tells us what we are to do, that we may avoid sin in the future, and he gives us wholesome advice that we may advance in virtue. The tribunal of penance, then, includes confession and direction, and it is as essential for it to preserve us from faults as to absolve us from them. Nevertheless, quite as much by the fault of the penitents as of the confessors, there have always been very few confessors who are directors at the same time.

To direct a soul is to lead it in the ways of God, it is to teach the soul to listen for the divine inspiration, and to respond to it; it is to suggest to the soul the practice of all the virtues proper for its particular state; it is not only to preserve that soul in purity and innocence, but to make it advance in perfection: in a word, it is to contribute, as much as possibly may be, in raising that soul to the degree of sanctity which God has destined for it. It is thus that Pope Saint Gregory thought of direction when he said that the guidance of souls is, of all arts, the most excellent. —Rev. J. Grou, S.J., "Manual for Interior Souls."

COMBERMERE DIARY

It was nice that St. Patrick's Day came on a Sunday in Lent. Thus we were able to have a real gala party in the evening. The surprise of the party was the appointment of Ed Watson to be a Staff Worker at Maryhouse in the Yukon.

Two days later, on the feast of St. Joseph, it was announced that Mary Kay Rowland would be the new Local Director of the Friendship House in Portland, Oregon, with Diane Zdunich as a Staff Worker there. Francoise de Castro was appointed to take charge of the Madonna House Lending Library. And in the evening, at benediction, Ronald MacDonnell was received as a Novice Benedictine Oblate.

On the feast of St. Benedict (March 21st), formal permission was received to erect and bless a statue of Our Lady of Combermere on the grounds of Madonna House. That will be a project for later in the year, if and when sufficient funds are available.

On the feast of the Annunciation (March 25th), Father Ledit, S.J., arrived to give us three days of most interesting lectures on Communism and the Russian Catholic Rite. If you would like to know more about this, or would like to help his work in establishing a chapel of this beautiful Eastern Rite, you may write him at Maison Bellarmine, 25 rue Jarry Ouest, Montreal 14, P.Q.

March was vacation month for many of the Staff, including Mary Davis, Ed Watson, Joe Walker, Ray Fecteau and Cathy Maynard. Cathy spent some time in Connecticut and gave lectures there on the work of our Apostolate, and the new house she is going to open in Arizona.

On April 3rd Father Leveque, a White Father who had visited us last year and had shown us some very lovely movies on the work of the White Fathers in Africa, arrived, accompanying Bishop Laurean Rugambwa of Tanganyika, Africa. The Bishop gave us an interesting talk about the work in his Diocese, which is staffed by native clergy and is blessed with many vocations. However, his needs, like all missionary Bishops, remain great. He has been endeavoring to contact friends of the missions in America and Canada to assist him in building necessary schools. (There was an interesting article concerning him in the March, 1957, issue of the Catholic pictorial "JUBILEE," 377 Fourth Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.)

The bishop returned, with Fr. Leveque, to participate in our Holy Thursday and Good Friday ceremonies.

During the first three days of Holy Thursday, three Staff Worker Applicants made their first year promises—Roy Jean Neubig, Denis Happy, and Michael Wright, while others renewed their promises.

There seems to be an argument as to which is the most wonderful feast day celebrated at Madonna House—Christmas or Easter. The Liturgy of the Church considers Easter the greater feast. Most of us agree.

We are sure you enjoyed May

1st, the feast of St. Joseph the Workman, and that you are looking forward as expectantly as we, to celebrating the feast of the Queenship of Mary, May 31st.

A Guide Keeps His Word

By
John R. Crowley, S.J.

Heroism was the order of the day aboard the blazing, crippled U.S. aircraft carrier **Franklin** on the morning of March 18, 1945. Hit by a low-flying Japanese bomber while participating in an attack on Kyushu, Japan, the carrier was an inferno of flames and a mountain of jagged metal within 30 seconds. Yet her crew worked heroically to save the ship and themselves.

Among the many acts of high bravery performed by the crew members, one stood out for its cool daring and determination. Nearly three hundred men, trapped in a blackened compartment six decks below the flight deck, began to panic. But one among them quieted them. It was an engineer.

A Leader In Deed

"Don't panic," he insisted. "Save your breath. I know this ship stem to stern. I'll find a way out and be back to get you. Don't forget; I'll be back to get you."

With that the wiry engineer's mate darted into the dark and smoke-filled passageways. Prowling about, he finally found a ventilator pipe—just what was needed. He hurried back to his trapped shipmates.

"I've got a way out," he said. "Twenty men follow me. Form a line, hold onto each other by the hand. First man grab hold of me. I'll be back to get the rest of you as soon as I get these out."

He led the twenty fear-gripped sailors out of the suffocating compartment down the passageways to the ventilator start. Hoisting himself in, he told the rest to follow on his heels. Then, using only his memory to guide him in the pitch darkness, he brought them from six decks below to the flight deck and safety. Scarcely had the last man crawled out of the narrow tube when he squeezed his way back into the pipe and went for twenty more.

Over and over he repeated the operation. The constant explosions which rocked the **Franklin** would throw up new walls of flame and seal off one, then another ventilator. The engineer would crisscross, double back and find another. This incredible feat continued until the last man stood safely on the flight deck. Three hundred men owed their lives to his cool, determined courage.

So What?

Think a moment. Doesn't life sometimes put each of us in a spot like the one those **Franklin** sailors found themselves in? Sudden death, loss of a job, crippling accidents, health breakdown, bitter disappointment—and the bottom can fall out of your life in the flash of a thought.

Can you get out alone? No more than those sailors. They needed a guide. And each man was sensible enough to admit it. There were no "self-made" men in that compartment that searing morning. There were no braggarts or big-mouths. They knew they hung to life by a thread.

So they needed a guide. And a guide came from among them. In the same way, every man needs a guide for this life. That guide is God.

Trust Him. Pray to Him every day. Get to know Him. Recognize over and over again His power and His goodness. He will "find a way out" when you cannot.

He will never leave your side.

Love Insatiable

It is terrible when people think that a social conscience is something added on to a Christian conscience, a sort of work of supererogation. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; it is the STUFF of the Christian life; and

without it there is nothing but a sham.

You can never say that you fulfill the requirements of the virtue of justice and that that is sufficient; Christianity is not justice.

But when you live in days which are filled with injustice so appalling as to be unimaginable, like the present, when the whole world is torn with the agony of men and women and children; when beyond and beneath the physical horrors there is the dead weight, the stifling pall, of hatred and cruelty and brute stupidity, and when all this is turned explicitly not only against humanity but against the Godhead, so that you have not only a failure to realize the form of goodness in the world but a furious lust to destroy what little of that form of goodness has in fact been achieved—then indeed you need to hunger and thirst after justice with insatiable desire, and you need the gift of the Spirit to save you from despair.

Gerald Vann, O.P.

—The Divine Pity.

Our Lady Of The Word

By Peg Clarke

Lady Dearest, they said you never spoke. They said you led a silent role and kept your place, but they don't understand what speech is...

You spoke a lot of words, and you spoke by silences...

You grew to understanding through the blessed gift of keeping in your heart the things you heard of Him. And He in turn spoke within you words that even Angels never heard and only Heaven knew, for you learned the art of listening and of receiving wisdom from the lowly, of gaining knowledge from the poor...

But, lovely Lady, to say you never spoke is rash, for how can women live the common life without the gentle art of speech sometimes not so gentle...

Did you not grace well the marriage feast and sip the wine with smiling eyes and drink the toasts?

Did you not draw daily at the well and pass the news you heard from Joseph that such a one was sick, or Noah lost a tooth, or David met his match in the dark-eyed girl from Jericho?

Of course, you spoke and learned the light-old art of communing by a word the sympathy with pain, the solace with grief, and the exaltation with grace...

Magnificat... such words of fire and song were never sung by gayest troubadours in Spain, and for a girl who never spoke they are a contradiction, a prize of knowledge, and a gem of purest utterance...

Oh, yes, you spoke, and well, not loudly, not obtrusively, never pettishly, but quietly, from the heart that stored so well the best of others' words...

Darling of my Heart, teach me this, your gift of speech, the greatest gift of heart to heart, the harvest of the mind and the proof of charity. For how is love expressed except by many words—

not like to Him who in the dawn of light took one only Utterance in a timeless world to occupy eternity with the Being of It,

whose perfect Thought became His Lovely Word before the day star, and, in starless silence, is uttered still in constant flowing even 'til forever, in the Breath of Love.

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